

ator's Sale.
from the Probate Court for
I shall sell at public Ven-
of **MILES BUCK**, late of
ceased, on Thursday, the 8th
o'clock A. M. all the inter-
of the Widow's Dower
renewed died joined in said
at half of three parcels of
d from Samuel and Joseph
16, and recorded in the Ox-
13, Page 72, in a Deed from
11, 1819, recorded in said
1, and in a Deed from John
dated March 8, 1821, and
ol. 16, Page 448. Said un-
the Widow's right of Dow-
ceased's interest (including
w's Dower therein) in the
F Lot No 4, Range 6, in said
Deed from Leonard Benson
ing 63 acres, more or less,
the right of the Widow's

trix's Sale.
from the Probate Court for
I shall sell at public Ven-
of December next, at 10
the dwelling house of **JOHN**
le, in said county, deceased,
located in Brownfield in said
ot. Also, five acres of mea-
Also the Homestead Farm
age thereon; the last descri-
the Widow's Dower there-
and Decedent had in a
Shed near the farm, the
made known at the time and
and **WILLIAM WARREN**, Adm'r.
23

ers' Notice.
appointed, by the Judge of Pro-
of Oxford, to receive and
editors of **CLYDE BUCK**-
county, deceased, whose
went, give notice, that six
eighteenth day of October,
-two, have been allowed to
and prove their claims; and
ice assigned us at the dwell-
ed Bucknam in Hebron, on
January next, on Saturday,
ext and Monday, the seven-
one until four o'clock in

BRIDGEMAN, Com'r.
WILLIS, 25
at, 1842.

ation.
that I have this day released
James DAVIS, all claim to his
g his minority; that I shall
or interfere with any of his
of his contracting after this
HENRY DAVIS,
cwt

dom.
I this day give to my son
the remainder of his time, to
at shall claim none of his
of his contracting after this
DANIEL ABBOTT,
ANDREWS.

Paris, within and for the county
ay of October, in the year of our
erty-two.

Administrator of the estate of **JOHN**
in said county, deceased, having
his administration of the estate

no notice to all persons interested
to be published three weeks
Court printed at Paris, that they
Court to be held at Paris, in
ay of November next, at ten o-
nd show cause, if any they have,
why.

EO. F. EMERY, Register.
EO. F. EMERY, Register.

RAWSON,
Shaw,
OXFORD COUNTY.

or, otherwise, promptly at

LUDDEN,
Y AT LAW,
VILLAGE, Me.

C. KIMBALL,
AT LAW,
VILLAGE, Me.

ers' Notice.
give public notice that they
by the Hon. Judge of Probate
to receive and examine the
estate of **EVON CHASE**,
county, deceased, whose estate
and that they will attend to
the dwelling house of Otis
unday, the nineteenth day of
o'clock P. M. on said day.
entire day of September last
tations to present and prove

MAN, Commissioners.
R, 3w24

notice.—ROXBURY.
in to the Nonresident Propri-
in Roxbury, in the Coun-
Maine, that the same are tax-
ed, as Collector for the town
1841, by the Assessors of said
nd unpaid as follows, viz:—

No.	Assess.	No. Assess.	Value.	Money Paid
13	1	100	\$50	\$1 65
12	2	80	30	90
14	1	150	30	90
14	2	25	30	90
12	1	100	60	1 65

aid to me the said Collec-
the eleventh day of February
clock P. M. at the dwelling
in said Roxbury, I shall pro-
tion so much of said real es-
taxes and all charges thereon,
Collector of Roxbury
for the year 1841.

Co-Partnership.
business heretofore existing be-
in, this day by mutual con-
sents having demands against
Fred, who is duly attorned
WILLIAM FROST, 3d.
BENJ. FRENCH,
249.

Oxford Democrat.

No. 29, Vol. 2, New Series.

Paris, Maine, Tuesday, November 22, 1842.

Old Series. No. 40, Vol. 9.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY

George W. Elliott,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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COMMUNICATIONS AND LETTERS on business must be Post-Paid to insure attention.

Book and Job Printing Executed with neatness and despatch.

POETRY.

THE CHILD'S BENEDICTION.

BY MRS. SERA SMITH.

I know it not, sweet child, or I
Had smothered that dropping sigh;
For it hath checked thy joyous song;
Thine eye with tears it filleth now;
A shadow rests on thy brow—
My child, my child, I did thee wrong!

What dost thou whisper in mine ear?
Sweet words, 'God bless thee, mother dear!'—
My own fond one, thou art to me
A hope, a blessing and a guide—
No more shall doubt and fear abide;
I'll meekly learn my fate of thee.

'God bless thee!' gentle words and kind,
The offspring of a trusting mind—
They bear a pledge, when lips like thine,
Forgetting childhood's random speech,
Do thus a higher lesson teach,
And mystic words like these combine.

God shield thee, for a heart like thine,
Where truth and tenderness combine,
Alas! is doomed too much to know
Of sympathies all vainly spent;
Of love to blinding worship lent—
And all life's strange and hidden woe.

God shield thee, my poor, my gentle boy!
Would that the cup of life and joy,
Dashed from thy mother's lips away,
Might with thine own of fate be blended,
And all the ill for thee intended,
Upon her bosom only prey.

From the Portland Tribune.

CONTENTMENT.

While I am blest with health and friends,
Favors which Heaven in mercy sends,
Contentment I enjoy;
And every moment as it flies,
Bears grateful incense to the skies,
Unmixed with earth's alloy.

The various gifts which God bestows—
The love which binds his altar flows—
Spring where'er I tread;
And guided by his word of truth,
In age I shall renew my youth,
Nor life's last evening dread.

Cares I have seen—but when they came,
I caught from rapt Isaiah's flame,
Sweet, soothing melodies,
Which drove them quickly from my breast,
And made my darkest moments blest
With sunshine from the skies.

Where'er my wandering feet have strayed,
In summer's heat, or winter's shade,
This one great truth I learned—
To be content—'what'er my lot—
A princely dome, or humble cot—
And thus content discerned.

So have I kept from strife aloof,
Which is to me sufficient proof,
That every man may share
More joys than pains; more good than evil,
And be less influenced by the devil,
And drive away his care.

As days depart, and seasons fly,
To bring the solemn moment nigh,
When Thou wilt call for me—
Lord, put thy gracious arms beneath,
To guide me o'er the river, death,
To perfect bliss and thee.

NEW SONG BY TOM MOORE.

Let's take this world as some scene
Through which, in frail but buoyant boat,
With skies now dark and now serene,
Together thou and I must float;
Beholding oft on either shore,
Bright spots where we should love to stay,
But Time plies swift his flying car,
And on we speed far—far away.

Should chilling winds and rains come on,
We'll raise our awning 'gainst the shower,
Sit close till the storm is gone,
And smiling wait a happier hour;
And if that sunnier hour should shine,
We'll know its brightness cannot stay—
But happy when 'tis thine and mine,
Complain not when it fades away.

So reach we both, at last, that fall
Down which life's current all must go,
The dark, the brilliant, destin'd all,
To sink into the void below;
Nor e'en that hour shall want its charms,
If side by side still fond we keep,
And calmly in each other's arms,
Together link'd go down the steep.

MOODY.

'Tis a strain on hill or strand;
A flash upon the sea;
The gleaming of a gorgeous band
Through charging chivalry!

'Tis a flower of fearful leaves,
That tells of sudden death;
While friendship o'er the falling groves,
And wastes elegiac breath.

'Tis death and life so strongly blent,
That mortals in the strife,
Know not for whom the boon is sent
Till they have done with life!

POPULAR TALES.

From the Olive Branch.

The Medical Student.

BY FRANCESCO.

The night was dark—the wind howled dismally, and the rain came pattering against the windows of the study, where the student of medicine sat with his feet resting on the jamb before a small fire. At his right stood a table, on which was placed some greasy volumes, a few scattered papers, and a small taper, which emitted scarcely a sufficiently number of rays to mark the outline of objects around him. One elbow rested on the table, and on the palm of the hand reclined a high and prominent forehead.

He had sat in this position for some time, fixed in deep thought, unconscious of his situation; he mechanically moved his fingers horizontally, to smooth the deep furrows which wrinkled his brow.

"It is too bad!" at length exclaimed EDWARD SOMMERS. "But there is no other alternative; I must either flee, and leave all I hold near and dear on earth, or passively submit to be confined for months in a lonesome dungeon. Had I committed murder or theft, I would bear my fate in silence. But I have done nothing but what has been done a thousand times, and must be done a thousand times more. It has already saved the lives of millions, and is destined to benefit millions yet unborn. And for this I am to be hunted down like a tiger. But what will my mother say? Her son fled from the country to escape the penalty of his crime—or confined in prison to satisfy the demands of the law? And Amelia too, what will she think?" With this, he snatched a folded paper, which lay on the table, and read as follows:—

Dear Friend:—I steal a moment at this time, to write to you. The hours since we parted have seemed like years; but the anticipation that you will soon have completed your profession, and that I shall then see you, makes them pass pleasantly. But the thought that my dear father is opposed to our union, gives me much uneasiness. He has not prohibited your visit here, and we will hope for the best. The poet says,

Live but to-morrow, will have passed away.
But I must close, lest I should be discovered. As soon as the lectures close, come to N—; let nothing but sickness or death detain you. Yours till then, AMELIA.

Having read the letter he carefully folded it, and throwing it upon the table, resumed his former moody position. "It is too bad, too bad!" exclaimed Edward, the tears at the same time trickling down his manly cheeks. "But I must endure it. Hark! how they come with the whole legal posse; and I must be off; no time now for tears;" which said, he seized a small chord, and fastening one end to the post of his bed, and throwing the rest out of the window, let himself down to the ground.

The noise, as he anticipated, proceeded from the officers below, who were in pursuit to seize & drag him to prison, to await his trial. But the door of his room being locked, it was sometime before they gained access; and when they did, he was beyond their reach.

Edward Sommers was born in the town of N—, in the State of Vermont. His father was a farmer in moderate circumstances, with a large family depending on him for their daily bread. Edward was their youngest child; and from early youth he evinced an ardent thirst for knowledge. By the time he was eighteen, he had, by his own untiring exertions, and by the kind assistance of the village pastor, fitted himself for college. He would have entered, but his father was not able to provide the requisite means. Having relinquished this design, he soon after entered his name in the office of Dr. Sinclair, as a student of medicine. In this, he hoped to succeed, as he could live with his father, whose residence was but a short distance from that of the doctor.

Edward had now fixed upon one of the best professions; but could he have withdrawn the curtain, and seen what was in waiting for him, his heart would have failed. The curtain, which conceals the future is drawn closely, and we discover what is behind it, only as we enter within the veil.

The physician, though a man of usefulness, is subjected to many trials of patience and skill. In other professions a man may err in judgment, and atone for it in his next effort. But not so with the man of the mortar, especially the young practitioner; the least failure in judgment, subjects him to the slander of every gossip, and his name is trumpeted as evil, through the length and breadth of the land.

It was at the close of a pleasant day in June, several months after Edward had commenced his studies that he left his room where he had been confined during a greater part of the day, to ramble over the hills and meadows. The sun was slowly descending below the western horizon, and the nightingale perched upon the branches of the tall pine, was singing his melodious sonnet, bidding his evening adieu to the delightful scenery around him, before he retired to the shades of night. It is delightful at this hour to rove through the meadows and pluck the daisies or wild flowers, or to stand on the banks of the river, and trace its windings as it gently descends from the sloping hills, into the vales between.

As Edward was returning that evening, he had to pass the village grave-yard. The spot, as is customary in New England, was situated adjoin-

ing the church. He was about jumping over the half-demolished walls that separated the living from the dead, when his eye caught a glimpse of a female form, who was seated on a new made grave. It was Amelia Farnsworth. She was busying herself by planting some flowers and shrubs on the grave of her mother, who had died about six months before. Edward had frequently met her at her father's, as he passed in going to and from his recitations. If he had ever before felt an interest in her,—now, the time, place, and employment, rendered her an object of peculiar interest. They conversed awhile, as he assisted her in planting her shrubs, and then returned to her father's.

Amelia was the daughter of Gen. Farnsworth. She was now in her fifteenth year. Though not beautiful, yet she was possessed of a highly cultivated mind, a clear and vivid imagination, a ready flow of language,—and in a word, all that makes woman lovely. She was an only child. Her father was a man of wealth; he loved his daughter, but was bent upon her union with George Mellen, the son of a rich neighbor, who possessed no other qualification, than that of being sole heir to a large fortune. George had taken a great fancy to Amelia, from the days of their childhood—and had on several occasions solicited her hand in marriage, but had as often been rejected.

Amelia had watched Edward Sommers with considerable interest; and as is usual in the female sex, the attachment once formed, increased, until she not only regarded him with interest, but loved him.

As Amelia was in the sitting room one afternoon, busily engaged with her sewing, her father entered, and placing his chair near to her, entered into conversation. She noticed on this occasion, he was unusually talkative, and more than half guessed that some pleasing theme was engrossing for in a short time she was not mistaken—topic which he was then discussing, by saying, "Amelia, I have seen Esquire Mellen to-day." At the name of Mellen, Amelia's countenance dropped, for she dreaded what would follow.—But her father taking no notice of her embarrassment, continued,

"And what do you think the old gentleman says?"

"Indeed I do not know."

"Well, he says when George is married he is to possess half of the estate, besides two thousand dollars which he is to give him. And he has asked my consent for you to become his bride. What do you say to this, Amelia?"

"Say to this! I wish you to tell Mr. Mellen that I am too young to think of any such thing; and if I were not, I would not marry George Mellen, though he possessed the wealth of India." The General looked daggers, and taking his hat, left the room. He knew the resolute character of his daughter too well to press the subject farther at that time, though he hoped ultimately to effect a union between Amelia and the favorite son of his rich neighbor.

The three years which Edward Sommers was engaged in the study of his profession, rapidly passed away. During this time he had attended one course of medical lectures, and by diligent application had made himself master of his profession. The time had now arrived for him to attend his second course, which was to commence in a few days at P—, and then to graduate. But there was one subject which had long lain heavily upon his mind, and he felt that he could not leave the place until it was settled.

"Delays," thought Edward, "are often dangerous. This business might be delayed till I return—and then again, it might be settled now."

With these thoughts revolving in his mind the evening before his setting out for P—, he took his hat and bent his course slowly towards the residence of General Farnsworth. When he arrived there, he found Amelia alone, but in tears. It was the evening after she had had the conversation with her father respecting her union with George Mellen. Edward with his accustomed ease placed himself by her side and taking her hand in his, commenced conversation. The result of this interview is not precisely known; but one thing is certain—Edward left the residence of Gen. Farnsworth with a lighter heart than he entered.

The next morning, Edward having some business with him, called to see Dr. Sinclair. He found him at home, and in good spirits. He was well acquainted with his profession, and engaged in extensive practice—but he was a miser.

"Well, Edward," exclaimed the doctor after a pause of some moments, "you have now nearly completed your profession, and are well prepared to engage in the practice. I have endeavored to be faithful with you to the extent of my knowledge and experience; but there is one thing I have not imparted in your course, and cannot, unless you will pay me fifty dollars."

Edward sat and thought of it for some time. He was very anxious to obtain all the valuable information that he could. And what was fifty dollars, if it would make him a more skillful practitioner? Under this consideration, he reluctantly handed over the required sum to receive the secret. The doctor then handed him a slip of paper, on which was written—"More than half of all sickness is imaginary; and the skillful practitioner will treat it as such."

Every thing being now arranged, Edward set out on his journey for P—. The day was beautiful, but there were sad forebodings in his mind. He seemed to be impressed with the conviction, that before he visited his native village again, many of the companions of his youth would

be gone. "But it cannot be so," exclaimed Edward to himself; "the lectures will continue only three months, and then I shall return. I will cast these gloomy thoughts from me."

One thing that served to enhance his misery, was the fact, that that morning, when returning from Dr. Sinclair's he had called on Gen. Farnsworth, to gain his consent to his union with Amelia, and had obtained a flat refusal. Finding it useless to strive any longer to govern his feelings, he threw himself back on his seat; and let them have their perfect work. Their journey over a mountainous country was slow, but in due time they arrived at their place of destination.

It is well known by those who are acquainted with anatomy, that the student of medicine cannot obtain a knowledge of his profession, until he has seen the different parts of the human system, properly illustrated. It was for this end that Edward left the hills of his nativity. This was at a period when a flood of prejudice existed against the practice, and no provision was made for it by law. Hence if a subject was obtained at all it was by stealth.

It was the law of the college where Edward attended lectures, that each student should pay one hundred dollars, or furnish a subject as an equivalent. In view of this, one evening about the middle of the term, several of the students entered his room, and strongly urged him to join with them on the following night, in dissecting a body. At first he treated their proposal with contempt. But then he thought of his present embarrassment; for having paid Dr. Sinclair the fifty dollars for the secret, which he considered worse than useless to him, he had not sufficient funds left to pay his tuition, and meet his expenses home; and under this consideration, he reluctantly yielded to their mad proposal. This was the crime of which Edward Somers was guilty, and for which he was forced to flee from the college to escape the penalty of the law.

Edward's mind was now wrought to the highest pitch; to leave his friends, friends too, whom he dearly loved, was a dagger to his soul. However, he composed himself enough to write the following lines to Amelia, which he sealed and left on his table:

Amelia—Yours is received, but when you get this, I shall be far away. You bid me remember,

"Live but to-morrow, will have passed away."

But my day I fear, has turned into perpetual night. Oh, how my heart aches, in view of what is before me. The exp. is bitter, but I must swallow it—there is no other alternative. I have violated the laws of my country, and for this I flee to escape its penalty. My crime is no other than robbing the living of the dead. Strive to forget that Edward Sommers ever loved you, and he will seek to drown his sorrow in retirement.

The news of Edward's fall arrived in the village of N— before the mail which conveyed the letter directed to Amelia. To the aged parents of Edward, it was a severe stroke; their hopes had been ruined, and their affections clung around him. In their imagination they could see him leaving his studies, and discharging the duties of a physician, reflecting credit on himself, and honor to the faculty. But now in a moment, their expectations were blasted.

At first, Amelia gave no credit to the report; but at length the evidence became so positive, she was obliged to yield. Her father returning one day from the post office, handed her a letter. She broke the seal—it was from Edward;—he pleaded guilty. Having read it, she handed it to her father, and leaving the room, retired to her chamber, and spent the remainder of the day in tears.

The fall of Edward to George Mellen was a theme of great joy; for he had for a long time looked upon him as a dangerous rival. "Now," thought George, "is the time to press my claim again." Accordingly, after giving Amelia sufficient time to recover from the shock given to her feelings by Edward's letter, he again repaired to the residence of Gen. Farnsworth. Amelia was then slowly recovering from a fever, into which the excited state of her feelings had thrown her. She received him kindly, and spent the time in familiar conversation; till at last, he ventured to revert to the character of Edward Sommers and his downfall. Amelia heard him a moment, and looking upon her with contempt, arose and left the room. When she had gone, George looked wildly around him. He found to his astonishment that he had touched the wrong string; and leaving the house, he returned to his own home, and never again ventured to insult the wounded feelings of Amelia Farnsworth.

Several years had now passed away since Edward left the medical college at P—. His aged parents, worn down by disease, had long since sunk into their graves. His name was almost forgotten, and the crime for which he fled had long ceased to engross the attention of his native village. But there was one in whose memory he continued to live. It was Amelia Farnsworth. But time and trouble had made a sad alteration in her appearance. Instead of the blooming countenance which she once wore, when in happier days, she was now pale and emaciated. Instead of the bright and sparkling eyes, you now beheld a dim and glassy orb. Instead of mixing in the gay circle of friends, as she was once wont to do, she now sought retirement. In a word, she was fast sinking under the ravages of disease. This was evident to her friends, and especially to her father, who had watched her altered appearance with anxious solicitude. Every means to secure her recovery had been tried, but in vain. Her disease was of such a nature as to

baffle not only the skill of Dr. Sinclair, but of an able medical council which had been called to examine her case. At last it was proposed that, in company with her father, she should visit the Saratoga Springs, hoping that the journey and change of climate might bring into action her dormant faculties.

It being settled that they should go the Springs, and every thing being duly arranged, they set out. The journey was long, and they were obliged to stop several days to rest. The morning after they arrived at Saratoga, Gen. Farnsworth went into the room of his daughter, to enquire after her health. He found her very low, and evidently fast sinking into the grave. Being much alarmed at her altered appearance, he immediately repaired to the bar-room, and enquired for a physician.

"Dr. Holmes," replied the landlord, "a very eminent physician from the South, has just arrived here, and taken lodgings across the street." "Send for him then, without delay, and tell him to call immediately at No. 25, to visit my daughter, who I fear is dying."

When Dr. Holmes arrived, Gen. Farnsworth was out. He therefore immediately repaired to the room of his patient. The curtains of the window were drawn, and the room was but partially lighted. Amelia had fallen into a gentle slumber. Dr. Holmes seated himself by the bed, took her hand, and felt of her pulse.

"This lady, I fear," said he, turning to the nurse, "is under a high state of mental excitement, and unless something is done to relieve her very soon, she cannot recover."

Amelia hearing the voice of Dr. Holmes, awoke, and fixing her eyes upon him and surveyed him with intense interest.

"Edward Sommers," she at length exclaimed, "is it you, or am I dreaming?" And then after surveying him again, she exclaimed, "It is—it is!" and raising herself up in the bed, she laid her head upon his shoulder and wept like a child.

In a few moments the General returned, and perceiving the situation of his daughter, hastened to the bed—where he at once discovered in the person of Dr. Holmes, the early friend of his daughter, Edward Sommers. His feelings overcame him, and he too, joined with her in weeping and rejoicing.

Edward after leaving P— had repaired to the South, and changing his name established himself in business. Being unusually successful in a few years he became noted as a skillful physician. Having some business at Saratoga, he had arrived there the same day that Gen. Farnsworth arrived with his daughter.

The servant who came after him had not left the name of the patient; but only the No. of the room; and Amelia was so much altered, that he was not aware of being in her presence, until he heard his name pronounced with her own lips.

The shock which Amelia received on discovering Edward, had the desired effect; and from this time she rapidly recovered. In a few weeks she was able to start on her journey home. But when the time came to return, she was no longer Miss Farnsworth, but Mrs. SOMMERS.

On their return, they had to pass through the city of New York, as Edward had an appointment there to lecture on the nature of disease. When the evening arrived for the lecture, notice having been previously given by posting up handbills through the city, the hall was densely crowded. Dr. Sommers had not been lecturing many moments before his eye caught a glimpse of Dr. Sinclair, who was seated in a conspicuous part of the hall. He did not discover in the altered looks of Edward, his former pupil. The doctor was listening with intense interest. Now, thought Edward, is a capital chance for experiment; and raising his finger, at the same time pointed it to his old master. "There sits a man, who, though now unconscious of it, is diseased. (All eyes as Edward intended they should be, were taken off from the speaker, and fixed upon Dr. Sinclair,) but before to-morrow morning he will discover it." Dr. Sommers then proceeded to describe the nature of the disease, together with the symptoms that would follow, and remarked, "unless he gets help immediately he must die; and there is no other man in this city but myself, that can cure him."

"I am not sick," thought Dr. Sinclair that evening as he returned to his lodgings. But the words of Edward were indelibly stamped upon his mind; and as he laid down to sleep, there was something that seemed constantly to whisper in his ear, "You are sick! you are sick! send for a doctor!" He endeavored to flatter himself that it was nothing but spleen, but it was useless. His burning brow and excited pulse told but too plainly that his frame was sinking under the weight of disease. Driven to the last extremity, he sent for Edward. Dr. Sommers came and found him as he had described his case the evening before. "I can cure you, sir," said Edward, after feeling of his pulse, "but before undertaking you must pay me five hundred dollars! Life or death was pending, and it was no time to delay. 'I must do it or die!' thought Dr. Sinclair—and he handed over the five hundred dollars. Edward having pocketed the money, handed him the slip of paper which he had received from him several years before, and on which was written, "MORE THAN HALF OF ALL SICKNESS IS IMAGINARY, AND THE SKILLFUL PRACTITIONER WILL TREAT IT AS SUCH."

It is needless to add that the doctor recovered. CAUSE OF QUARRREL.—"I wish I owned all the pasture land in the world," said Bob. "Well, I wish I owned all the cattle in the world," said Ned. "How could you feed them?" asked Bob. "I'd turn them into your pasture," said Ned. "No, you wouldn't." "Yes, I would." "No, you wouldn't." "Yes, I would." "You shan't!" "I will!" and then came the fistuffs; and Q now they did fight!

THE WHIG PARTY.

That the present so-called Whig party, or, as it has been lately styled the Coon party, has more or less of British sympathies, and that it is mainly identical with the old Federal party, which has handed down in an unbroken chain its love for kingly office for life, and aristocratic principles, cannot be denied by any honest man. The old British impress is stamped upon its forehead, branded upon its fore-front. Let it assume what disguise it will, let it indulge its fancy and its love of falsehood and imposition, in party names—no matter—there stands in bold relief, the mark of the beast. The party which held it to be "unbecoming a moral and religious people to exult in victories obtained over our enemies," the party which pursued and hunted the gallant Jackson through their own Federal courts, attempting by the imposition of fines to dim the lustre of his victories, and take the last cent from a pocket already exhausted by an ever-charitable hand;—that party which always hated the people, restricted the right of suffrage by property qualifications, deeming its very existence to depend upon the vigilance with which it guarded the ballot-box against the intrusion of hands made "huge" by honest labor; that party which pronounced a government of the people to be "illuminated hell," that party which deemed poverty a crime, and wealth a test of merit; which always rose when the country was sinking, drawing its nutrition from the calamities of the country; batten like a vampire upon its misfortunes; that party which would reduce the State Governments to a state of Colonial vassalage, dependent upon the strong arm of central Federalism; that party which in its zeal to make invidious distinctions, contrary to nature and to the equality of our institutions, would create colossal corporations with lordly directors, who, sitting in their marble palaces, could by a few strokes of the pen, filch millions from a swindled people; that party, we say, is the present Whig or Coon party. The points of resemblance are striking. It is a chip of the old block. Look at the proceedings at the Asbury dinner lately given in New York. When the President of the United States was proposed as a toast, it was received with the most contemptuous silence, the lips of the sympathizing British coons curling in scorn. But when the name of England's sovereign was announced, their enthusiasm broke out in repeated cheers; and this, too, in the presence of the Lords and high functionaries of Great Britain. Whatever may be the political divisions of this country; to foreign nations, every principle of public policy requires that we should present an unbroken front. The most quarrelsome husband and wife will unite to resent the interference of a stranger, and the same sense of decency should animate every lover of his country where foreign powers are concerned. How strong then must be those British preferences, which, contrary to every principle of public policy, and even common decency, broke out, as described, at the Asbury dinner! And yet, disgraceful as was this scene, it has a perfect and most remarkable parallel in the history of this same party.

In Jefferson's Memoirs, volume 4th, page 511, is the following:—"January 4, 1804.—Mr. Smith, a merchant of Hamburg, gives me the following information:—'The St. Andrew's Club of New York, (Scotch Tories), gave a public dinner lately. Among the other guests, Alexander Hamilton was one. After dinner, the first toast was 'The President of the United States,'—it was drunk without any particular approbation. The next was 'George the Third.' Hamilton started up on his feet, and insisted on a bumper and three cheers. One of them, though a Federalist, was so disgusted at the partiality shown by Hamilton to a foreign sovereign over his own President that he mentioned it to Mr. Schwarzhause, an American merchant of New York, who mentioned it to Mr. Smith.'

Thus it is, through all its disguises; through all its talk about log cabins and hard cider; through all the paraphernalia of bannered coonery; whiggism vindicates its federal paternity. Look at the course of the coon party with relation to the fine imposed upon Gen. Jackson after the battle of New Orleans. That that fine was unjust, oppressive, and vindictive, few will deny, and yet coonery refuses to refund it. Democratic Legislatures pass resolutions, requesting and instructing their Representatives and Senators in Congress to vote for the restitution of that fine, while, to a man, in these very Legislatures, coonery has opposed the motion.

And yet grants are attempted to be made to the descendants of the TRAITOR HULL, who sold himself, his army, and the country he should have protected, into the hands of the foe.

The brave General, with the blood and dust of recent and successful battle upon his brow, is dragged before an unjust judge, and a stigma put upon his name. Whiggism approves the conduct of the Judge, and refuses to remove the stain. A TRAITOR by an act of unparalleled perfidy betrays his country, and modern whiggism brings into Congress, bills appropriating money to his descendants. Is not coonery identical with old Federalism? It further proof is wanted, look at the distrust of the ballot box manifested by coonism, and compare it with the ancient jealousy of their fathers. Federalism fastened upon property qualifications upon the right of suffrage; but this being generally exploded, coonery, tenacious of wrong, reaches the same result by *gerrymandering*, and by the *Gerrymander*. Look at Federalism attentively, examine its claws, its teeth, its capacious maw, its capacity and inclination for mischief, and then cast your eye upon whiggism, and see if it be not "the same old coon."

The last Newspaper.—A crazy affair.—We received yesterday, a small, neat weekly paper, started by a few enterprising lunatics in the Vermont Asylum, at Brattleboro', and devoted to the interests of the insane. The leading article says that the editor, publishers and printers are all confirmed lunatics, the former having been considered so for many years, and been an inmate of several mad houses.

We have often heard it said that people must be insane to start newspapers, and here we have a practical illustration. It is called the "Asylum Journal." [N. Y. Aurora.]

From the Washington Globe, Nov. 2

The National Intelligencer is out this morning with the grand scheme of Federalism—subversion. To turn the Government topsy turvy, and pour out all its stable means at once to political speculators and gamblers in State stocks, and give a new impulse to the infamous credit system which has already visited on the country every species of calamity, is the cue now given out to the partisans of whiggery. We have not had enough of debt and bankruptcy—national, State and individual;—of corruption in elections—extravagance, and general demoralization in public and private life—of broken banks, with their train of suspensions, frauds, robberies, and the consequent sufferings inflicted by them throughout all classes of the community. All that we have seen of wild speculation in business—all that we have seen of riot, phrenzy, and villainy in politics—directly traceable to the vast current of mercenary passions which flowed from the millions of imaginary wealth which the credit system put aloft, from the issues it opened through the banking, internal improvement, and State funding operations—is to be broached anew.

The credit system, under the effects of which the nation is now resting—which had its origin in the paper expansions begotten by the Bank of the United States—has but a mere drop in the ocean, compared with the flood of stimulus which Mr. William Cost Johnson, (the physician) called in by whiggery to save the nation from the state of *mania-a-potu*, produced by its intoxicating credit system, would now pour down the throat of the patient. Here is Mr. Johnson's prescription set forth, with full directions, in this morning's National Intelligencer. We copy from the preamble of the bill, which contains provisions to give it efficacy. "To benefit the States, and increase the capital of the nation," the preamble prescribes for "authorizing the issue, upon the faith of the Government, of two hundred millions of Government stock, of denominations of not less than one hundred, nor exceeding one thousand dollars, to be divided among the States, the Territories, and the District of Columbia, upon the basis of Federal representation in Congress."

Two hundred millions of paper money to be issued at once by the National Government, (which cannot now borrow one dollar on its authorized loan,) and distributed "to benefit the States, and increase the capital of the nation!" and this vast pile of "the faith of the Government," made up of notes "of denominations of not less than one hundred, nor exceeding one thousand dollars," rests upon the foundation of the concluding direction of the bill—"to suspend the operation of the distribution of the proceeds of the public lands until the redemption of the stock by the government!"

This bold project, which throws the South Sea bubble, (famed for its wide-spread ruin in England,) and John Law's Mississippi scheme, (equally celebrated for its destructive sweep in France,) quite into insignificance, the National Intelligencer seems to welcome with the greatest pleasure. It says:—"The proposition is one of vast magnitude, and of an importance greater than its magnitude." And this explicit and high commendation—"by way of salvo for itself in case the public should not adopt it as of 'an importance greater than its magnitude'—it adds:—"We do not pretend to adopt Mr. Johnson's views of the subject," and yet it goes on to do a great deal more in their behalf than pretending to adopt them. Instead of pretending anything in regard to the proposition, the editors go on in earnest to urge it on the country, in the following emphatic paragraph:—"We do not pretend to adopt Mr. Johnson's views," says the Intelligencer, and adds:—"But we consider his proposition to be of an enlarged national and patriotic character; such as does credit to his boldness as a statesman, and to his courage as a representative of the people. Not that we believe the popularity of his scheme to be limited to the lean proportion of votes by which it was countenanced at the last session of Congress when proposed by him in the House of Representatives. It was then new, and therefore startling; and clashed, besides, with other favorite objects. We do not know that it will ever succeed; but we are quite clear in the opinion that it is a proposition which would, if seriously propounded to the people throughout the Union, encounter, even now, a much less formidable opposition from them than from their representatives in Congress."

"We have no idea, of course, that the plan proposed by Mr. Johnson, or anything resembling it, has any future chance of success with the present Congress, or with any future Congress, unless the people themselves rise up and demand it in tones not to be misunderstood."

Duelling.—The whigs, having all the morality of the country, were very much hurt at the fact that Gen. Jackson should be the President of the United States, inasmuch as he had for a long time before his election obtained from any countenance of the practice.

Mr. Clay, however, while Secretary of State, fought a duel with John Randolph, and on a late occasion he was one of the movers of the duel between Graves and Cilley which terminated in the death of the latter, and actually wrote with his own hand the challenge for Graves. Can all the conscientious whigs swallow this confirmed duellist—this man who has not, like Gen. Jackson, changed his course in this respect?—*Pennsylvanian*.

AMERICAN CHARACTER.

The more we examine the whig project that the American States which can and will pay their debts, should also pay the debts of those, if there be any, which cannot or will not pay, the less defensible does it appear. The pretence is that it should be done for the sake of American character. Now it is not honest and honorable to elevate American character or other character, in the estimation of others, higher than it really deserves to be elevated. If Pennsylvania has the ability and the disposition to pay, then actual payment will make her character stand precisely where it ought to stand. If Mississippi or any other State is unable or indisposed to pay, then for Pennsylvania to persuade foreigners that Mississippi has a more honorable character or

has more real ability than is consistent with the facts, would be a moral fraud.

If Pennsylvania pays the debt of Mississippi and foreigners know the fact, then the character of Mississippi will not be raised in their estimation by the occurrence. If we could conceal the fact from them, and give Mississippi the credit of doing what she will not do, such concealment would be dishonest. Hence we conclude that the whig scheme of deceiving foreigners as to the character or resources of certain States is impracticable, at least in reference to enlightened foreigners, and if it were practicable, it would mislead others, and because it would impose an unjust burthen on our citizens.—*Pennsylvanian*.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, NOVEMBER 22, 1842.

Massachusetts Election.

The election in Massachusetts for Governor, Representatives to Congress and Members of the Legislature, took place last week Monday. The Democracy of the Old Bay State may well feel proud of its glorious result.

Whole number of votes, 117,379; for Morton, 56,231; Davis, 54,545; all others, 6,600. Morton's majority over Davis, one thousand six hundred and eighty-nine! Last year, the whole number of votes was 111,002; of which there were for Morton, 51,367; Davis, 55,974; all others, 3,721. Increase in the Democratic vote since 1841, five thousand one hundred and seventeen! Decrease in the federal vote one thousand two hundred. Increase in the scattering vote, 2,879. Morton's net gain over Davis, since 1841—six thousand three hundred and seventeen! Davis' loss compared with Morton's vote and the scattering, is over Nine Thousand.

The Democrats have elected Sixteen Senators and the Coons Ten. Four Counties, entitled to 14 Senators, have not effected a choice.

To the House 139 Democrats, 129 Coons and 1 Abolitionists have been elected. No choice has been effected in a large number of towns so that the political character of the State is not yet made certain.

One Democrat and three Federalists have been elected to Congress. No choice in six Districts.

New York Thunder!

The Empire State has covered herself with glory! A Democratic Governor by 20,000 majority, being a gain of more than 30,000 since the last Presidential election. Twenty-four Democrats and Ten Coons elected to the next Congress; being a Democratic gain of 12 Members! In the Legislature the Democrats have 70 majority on joint ballot!

The last Argus contains a long, washy, temporizing article from Parson Case, or his friend and prototype F. O. J. Smith, dictating to the Democratic party the manner that they should treat their political opponents and political friends. From its whole tenor it was obviously intended to mitigate the severity of public indignation that is so rapidly closing over him for recommending such men as Daniel Webster and Henry Clay to the country for "POLITICAL HONESTY." He informs his readers that "men follow what they suppose to be for their interests." Did he practice upon that principle when he pulled Webster and Tyler and received for his reward the Post Office printing under the present Administration? He further goes on to tell us what is good policy and what is bad in a political canvass, and after arriving at the old adage, that "Honesty is the best policy," very arrogantly reproves the Democratic party for making so gross a mistake in the last Presidential campaign as attacking Granney Harrison's military character, or questioning his courage! How long will the Democratic party in Maine tolerate such consummate impertinence in one that "DID NOT RAISE A FINGER OR UTTER A WHISPER TO HELP HIS DEMOCRATIC BROTHERS" in the last great Presidential struggle.

The Argus of the 12th inst. contains a short reply to ours of the 1st. We fear, from the tenor of the reply, that Parson Case has lost his "personal identity." He says, "the publisher who attempts to mislead us in regard to the person who is allowed to assail and misrepresent us is entitled to no further notice." We have not attempted to mislead the Editor of the Argus, as he very well knows. We have neither admitted nor denied his suppositions in regard to the author. Nor shall we, if he chooses to make a false issue, or to fight a phantom which, fear engendered, and in so doing, to assail an individual, of whom he confesses he knows nothing, why let him; we are under no obligation to set him right, especially so long as that individual is not injured by such scurrilous and low abuse as has appeared in the Argus of late. The gentleman whom the Parson has seen fit to drag, so unwarrantably, before the public, on base suspicion, is, we repeat, abundantly able to answer for himself, and would do so, did he deem such a blackguard attack worthy a reply. As for ourselves, we crave not the Parson's notice.

The federalists have determined to rally for Clay under a new name—Democratic Whigs! They tried to steal the name of Democrat in 1840, but it wouldn't stick!—Fide, the host of the great Patchogue democrat, "Abel," said an old Quaker, "what have they caught there?" "Verily it be a Chinese cat, sir!" "Perdventure thee had best drop it, for name it as thou wilt, the animal ever hath an unsavory odor!" Disguise federalism as they may, there is no mistake in the "odor."

"Tom," said a Whig to a Democrat, "I've lost all appetite for politics." "Well," replied Tom, "it's well you have lost your appetite, for the less appetite we have these whig times, the better; there's a great scarcity of that roast beef."

Nebuchadnezzar, who ate grass so long ago, was the founder of the virgin heifer party; so that it has a very ancient and distinguished origin. Like that renowned monarch, his followers chew rather a bitter cud.

Joshua Chadbourn, Esq., a firm Democrat, was elected last Wednesday week in Baldwin District.

No election in Rumford District last week. Why don't our Democratic friends make a grand rally and put an end to it?

FRIEND MILLET.—Have you and 'Androscoggin' entirely demolished the batteries and bomb-shells of Mr. Case? No sound seems to come from that quarter. I suppose his fortifications are prostrated; or, if not, he has probably joined the non-resistance Society. By the way, it seems Mr. Case, according to his own confession, is no partisan; the Argus therefore, of which he is Editor, is a Neutral, or a mere Literary Journal, from which we should naturally expect as much praise and defence of one party as the other. This is a key to the whole course of the Argus since it fell into that gentleman's hands. There is but one step, and that a natural one, between the Argus' Democracy with Mr. Case at its head and Clayism; and when that step is taken it need occasion no surprise.

ARGUS. Note.—O no. We have only given him a cold bath in the Androscoggin River, and dampened his ammunition a little, (vide Democrat of last week.) Perhaps when the cold chills occasioned by it have passed away and when he finds his "personal identity" we shall again hear from him.

Mr. Webster in his late speech, said that the Whig party of 1840, consists of men of "extreme State rights notions, and extreme Federal notions, excessive Tariff notions and excessive anti-Tariff notions." He might have added, of men who promised "two dollars a day and roast beef" to the working men, and who haven't redeemed that promise.

Canada alone, says the Quebec Gazette, has cost England, during the year ending the 1st of January, 1842, about four millions of dollars! and for what?—on account of boundary disputes with the United States, which might have been settled at any time during the last fifty years, on the conditions of the late treaty; to subdue disorders in Canada, occasioned by acknowledged acts of misgovernment by the home ministry, and by the provincial Executives, under their control.

CAPITAL. Among the items purchased by government to put down the Florida war, is a cargo of oysters, for which was paid \$2,500. Just the thing to heal intestine commotion.

The winter is rapidly approaching and it behooves all to bear in mind their duty to their fellow beings, who are less rich in worldly prosperity than themselves. The cold and dreary season now close at hand, is especially adapted to the display of the noblest traits of our characters, and for the exercise and development of those virtues which are the boast of the Christian world, but are too seldom practiced. Many a worthy head, doomed to bide in poverty and sickness the "pelling of the pitiless storm," might be relieved by the expenditure of but little money.

For the Democrat.

Mrs. Edron, I should like to see the following facts made public through your Journal; for they are certainly facts, and such as recent history plainly proves. And they are furthermore told in a manner which every one can easily understand. They are profitable for whigs as well as Democrats; and it is hoped the former particularly will let them sink deep in their hearts.

Of what did the whigs complain in 1840? Of mismanagement and corruption on the part of the Democrats—of increased public expenditures—of the issue of Treasury Notes—the creation of a National Debt—of the prolongation of the Florida War—prosperity for opinion's sake—the derangement of the Currency—the prostration of trade—the low price of produce—of standing armies—of gold spoons—imported carriages—of every thing!

Of what will the whigs complain in 1842? Of a National Debt left by the profligate administration of Mr. Van Buren for them to pay—of the death of Gen. Harrison—of the retirement of the first Cabinet—of the veto—of the treason and perfidy of John Tyler—of low duties on foreign importations—of the want of a great money Regulator—of every thing!

What did the whigs promise in 1840? Economy in the General Government—retrenchment of expenses—reform in every thing—reduction of the public Debt—no proscription for opinion's sake—a speedy termination of the Florida War—a sound and safe currency—universal revival of and prosperity in business of all kinds—high wages to the operative—the easy payment of debts—the improvement of morals—general happiness—peace, plenty and universal good will—every thing!

What will the whigs promise in 1842? They will promise, in the event of their success, retrenchment and reform—a safe and sound currency—higher prices for wheat, pork, and other articles of export—retrenchment in the expenditures of State and National—the payment of State liabilities—the completion of unfinished canals—every thing—any thing!

What have the whigs done since 1840? They have created a National Debt of Thirty Millions! They have violated millions of solemn contracts between debtor and creditor. They have rendered the Nation Bankrupt. They have disgraced themselves and their country. They have importuned one President to the very door of the tomb and covered another with reproaches, curses and execrations! They have continually fought and quarrelled among themselves—they have withheld the wages of labor. They have confused exchanges. They have depreciated the currency and destroyed or driven from the people a sound circulating medium. They have eaten out the substance of the people and rendered the times still more oppressive. They have by their legislation reduced the price of the Farmer's Produce. They have augmented every where the distress of the people. In short they have not fulfilled a single promise which they made to the people in 1840.

Who is responsible for the non-fulfillment of the whig promises of 1840? Is John Tyler? No! Because he has fulfilled the promises he made in 1840. Is the present whig Congress responsible? Yes. Because at the Harrisburg Convention, at which Harrison and Tyler were nominated, they agreed that they would not make the Bank question the issue—that they would suppress that question. This Clay Congress has neglected or refused to pass laws for the relief of the country, but not John Tyler to sign and approve such laws.

Should the whig party reobtain power this fall on a renewal of their promises, who would be responsible for a re-violation of them. We answer, the People, who confer the power! They have deceived the people once, they are to blame. If they deceive the people again the people are to blame! Keep these things before the people!

ARKANSAS. The full vote for member of Congress in all the counties is as follows:

Cross, Demo.	9413
Cummins, Coon.	6315
Evans, Indep.	1686

Cross over Cummins, 4098. The Senate stands 6 Coons to 15 Democrats; House 20 to 46. Democratic majority on joint ballot, 36.

MICHIGAN ELECTION. STILL ANOTHER VICTORY.

The Detroit Free Press, of the 9th inst., the day after the election, has returns of the result of the election in Detroit, and in most of the towns in the county (Wayne) and reports from adjacent counties which indicate a brilliant democratic victory in the State. The democratic majority in Detroit is 190; being a gain of 293 on the vote of 1840.

The following from the Rochester Daily Democrat is the right way for the coons to talk. There is no use of mourning over what has past:

TAKE NOTICE.—The "Old Coon" is sick.—He will see no company for a week or two.—When he becomes convalescent, it will be announced through the Advertiser. The Major has kindly consented to prescribe for him. His disease is supposed to be an affection of the tail, brought on by an excess of loco-focoism!

The burial of the coon was celebrated by the Democrats of Albany on Thursday night last, by appropriate ceremonies. The Argus says—"The bonfires which reddened the sky in all directions—the heavy boom of the guns from the Capitol Hill—were in keeping with the solemn procession which dragged its slow length through the principal streets with flambeaux and appropriate transparencies, to music which was at times dirge-like enough. The principal object in the procession was "that same old coon" on a bier, carried by pall-bearers, and decently 'laid out.'"

The Greenfield (Ms) Democrat says "You can tell a genuine Clay whig at first sight—his chin rests upon the fourth button of his jacket." That mark won't do here—for they have burst off their buttons.

A Whig State Convention in Tennessee has passed resolutions in favor of a United States Bank, and of Henry Clay as the champion of such an institution.

The Hon. Levi Woodbury addressed the members of the N. Hampshire Legislature on Thursday evening last, in a speech of two hours long. The speech is spoken of as being very powerful. He reviewed the past course of the coons, and discussed with great ability, the principles of the two great parties.

Another Hotspur in the field.—A man in white habiliments with snowy hair and beard, by the name of Silas Lamson, is going about among the Millerites preaching a new doctrine. He believes that the resurrection is already past, and that we are now in heaven. There may be some scattering doubts as to the truth of this theory, yet his doctrines, being mild and philanthropic, can do no harm.

AN IMPORTANT INVENTION.—We have been much interested in the effects of a small instrument having the appearance of a child's whistle, but performing the office of inflating and distending the lungs, and giving them a healthy action. It almost performs miracles. A friend who has just returned from Philadelphia, and who has used one of these little tubes for a fortnight, measures about four inches more around the chest than when he commenced its use; his voice is fuller and stronger, and there is every indication of permanent improvement. This important little agent in removing consumption is formed on very simple principles; the patient breathes entirely through the tube for four or five minutes, inhaling the air through one aperture, thus retaining one quarter of each inspiration, which tends to expand the lungs. This instrument is the invention of Dr. J. S. Ross of Philadelphia, a man of great talents, who makes that wide spread disease consumption, his sole study, and who, if his directions are followed, promises to banish from the land this baleful and inveterate foe to human life. He has written a treatise on consumption which all who have weak lungs should procure and read.

The Texans, having been forced into the present war with Mexico, are determined to make their enemies defray all its expenses. They intend to cross the Rio Grande, and levy contributions on the Mexican towns; Chihuahua, for example, is marked as good for \$200,000, Monterey and Saltillo \$100,000 each, &c.; and the valley of the Rio Grande is expected to furnish horses, cattle, and sheep by thousands. The orders of the President to General Somerville are to concentrate the troops on the east bank of the Rio Grande, where such of them as are not willing to cross will be permitted to return. The penalty for not marching to the Rio Grande, is a forfeiture of citizenship, and of all right or title to land, and a fine of \$500.

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